THE AMERICAN.

"The Perpetuation of American Freedom is our object; American Rights our motto; and the American Party our cognomen."

VOL. I. WASHINGTON CITY, JULY 31, 1857. NO. 1.

PLATFORM

Of the American Party, adopted at the session of the National Council, June 2, 1857.

1st. An humble acknowledgment to the Supreme Being, for His protecting care vouchsafed to our fathers in their successful Revolutionary struggle, and hitherto manifested to us, their descendants, in the preservation of the liberties, the independence, and the union of these States.

2d. The perpetuation of the Federal Union, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberties, and the only sure bulwark of American Independence.

3d. *Americans must rule America*, and to this end *native*-born citizens should be selected for all State, Federal, and municipal offices or government employment, in preference to all others: nevertheless,

4th. Persons born of American parents residing temporarily abroad, should be entitled to all the rights of native-born citizens; but

5th. No person should be selected for political station, (whether of native or foreign birth,) who recognises any allegiance or obligation of any description to any foreign prince, potentate or power, or who refuses to recognise the Federal and State constitutions (each within its sphere) as paramount to all other laws, as rules of political action.

6th. The unqualified recognition and maintenance of the reserved rights of the several States, and the cultivation of harmony and fraternal good will, between the citizens of the several States, and to this end, non-interference by Congress with questions appertaining solely to the individual States, and non-intervention by each State with the affairs of any other State.

7th. The recognition of the right of the native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States, permanently residing in any Territory thereof, to frame their constitution and laws, and to regulate their domestic and social affairs in their own mode, subject only to the provisions of the Federal Constitution, with the privilege of admission into the Union whenever they have the requisite population for one Representative in Congress. *Provided always*, that none but those who are citizens of the United States, under the constitution and laws thereof, and who have a fixed residence in any such Territory, ought to participate in the formation of the constitution, or in the enactment of laws for said Territory or State.

8th. An enforcement of the principle that no State or Territory ought to admit others than citizens of the United States to the right of suffrage, or of holding political office.

9th. A change in the laws of naturalization, making a continued residence of twenty-one years, of all not hereinbefore provided for, an indispensable requisite for citizenship hereafter, and excluding all paupers, and persons convicted of crime, from landing upon our shores; but no interference with the vested rights of foreigners.

10th. Opposition to any union between Church and State; no interference with religious faith, or worship, and no test oaths for office.

11th. Free and thorough investigation into any and all alleged abuses of public functionaries, and a strict economy in public expenditures.

12th. The maintenance and enforcement of all laws constitutionally enacted, until said laws shall be repealed, or shall be declared null and void by competent judicial authority.

13th. A free and open discussion of all political principles embraced in our platform.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Washington Branch Railroad.

Trains run as follows:

From Washington at 6 a. m., connecting at Relay with trains from the West, and at Baltimore with those for Philadelphia and New York.

At 8.30 a. m. for Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

At 3 p. m. for Baltimore and Norfolk, and at Relay with the Frederick train.

Express at 4.20 p. m. at Relay for the West, and for Annapolis, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

On Sunday at 7 a. m. and 4.20 p. m.

From Baltimore to Washington at 4.15 and 9.15 a. m.; 3 and 5.15 p. m.

On Sunday 4.15 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Cars and Boats for the South.

For New Orleans via Aquia creek, the boats leave at 6 a. m. and 7 p. m., or on arrival of the Northern cars.

For the South, via the Orange and Alexandria and the Virginia Central railroads, cars leave Alexandria at 7½ a. m. and 8½ p. m.

Stages from Washington.

H. W. Martin, agent, office Franklin House corner of Eighth and D streets.

For Leonardtown and Charlotte Hall, Md., leave Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6½ a. m.

For Fort Tobacco, Md., leave Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6½ a. m.

For Upper Marlboro', Md., leave daily at 6½ a. m.

For Rockville, Md., leave daily at 6½ a. m.

For Frederick, Md., leave Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6½ a. m.

For Leesburg and Winchester, Va., leave Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4½ a. m.

For Brookville and Mechanicsville, Md., leave Dorsey's hotel, 7th street.

The Mails.

First Northern and Eastern Mail closes at 9 p. m., departing at 5 a. m., next morning, (except Sundays) and arrives at 6 a. m.

Second Northern and Eastern Mail closes at 3½ p. m., and arrives at 7 p. m., except Sunday.

First Southern Mail closes at 6 p. m., and arrives at 5½ a. m.

Second Southern Mail closes at 9 p. m., and arrives at 4 p. m.

Western Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at 5 p. m.

Northwestern Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at 5 p. m.

Norfolk and Portsmouth Mail closes at 2 p. m., and arrives at 11½ daily, except Sunday.

Annapolis Mail closes at 3½ p. m. and 9 p. m., except Sunday, and arrives at 11½ a. m. and 7 p. m.

Leesburg Mail closes on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9 p. m., and arrives same days at 7½ p. m.

Rockville Mail closes at 9 p. m., except Sunday, departing at 7 a. m., and arrives at 6 p. m.

Por Tobacco Mail closes at 9 p. m., except Sunday, departing at 7 a. m., and arrives at 6 p. m.

Leonardtown Mail closes on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 9 p. m., and arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7½ p. m.

Colesville Mail closes on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9 p. m., and arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2 p. m.

Georgetown Mail closes at 3¼ p. m. and 9 p. m., and arrives at 5 a. m. and 3 p. m.

Upper Marlboro' Mail closes daily, except Sunday, at 9 p. m., and arrives at 5 p. m.

Post Office Hours.

The office is kept open for the delivery of letters and papers from 8 a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. except on Sunday, when it is open from 8 to 10 a. m., and from 6 to 7 p. m.

Postage on all letters and transient newspapers to places within the United States must be pre-paid.

(Signed) JAMES G BERRET, Postmaster

Telegraph Offices.

House's Printing Telegraph, National Hotel, entrance on Sixth street, one door north of Pennsylvania avenue. To New York via Baltimore, Philadelphia, and intermediate points; connecting at New York with the Eastern line to St. Johns and the Western lines to New Orleans.

Magnetic Telegraph, National Hotel, corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue. To New York, connecting as above with the extreme East and West.

Southern Telegraph, National Hotel. To New Orleans via Alexandria, Richmond, Augusta and Mobile, and intermediate points, including all the seaboard cities.

Western Telegraph, Pennsylvania Avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, over Gilman's drug store. To Wheeling and intermediate points connecting with all the Western and Northwestern lines.

To Parents.

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional pertness offend you or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellects the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength, through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little." Cheer him in his conflict of mind; and in after years his ripe rich thoughts will rise up and call you blessed. Bear patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry; and aim rather to direct and aid than answer the inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth not so much proud of what he has learned as anxious to know more. Happy will you be if, in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can sharpen his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so will you send forth a philosopher and not a silly pedant into the world. Bear patiently the childish humors of those little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength and hardened into habits, they will most assuredly haunt the whole life, like fiends of despair, and make your little ones curse the day they were born; but corrected, kindly and patiently, they become the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires that may scorch us with their uncontrolled fury or may yield us a genial and needful warmth. Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the grace and glory of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seeds of a perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—It seems that an intense rivalry is now on foot between different Atlantic seaports in reference to obtaining a visit from the Great Eastern, the huge mammoth which has been for some time in process of construction at Greenwich England. The people of Portland, Maine, have gone to the expense of building enormous wharves on purpose to enable her to lade and unlade at that port. The Hon. William Ballard Preston, who is going out on a voyage to Europe for the purpose of negotiating the establishment of a line of steamships between Norfolk and some port upon that continent, has received distinct instructions to invite her to visit Norfolk. New York has sent a special messenger to invite her to its harbor.

BOLD ROBBERY AT SARATOGA.—We learn from the Saratogian of Monday that on Sunday last Julian F. Vargos, a Cuban, stopping at the United States Hotel in that village, was robbed of $1,500 in gold and some valuable articles in Jewelry. Mr. Vargos, his wife and son, left the "States" about 5 P. M. on a ride to Saratoga Lake. They were absent about two hours, and on returning went immediately to their room, when they discovered that it had been entered in their absence, a trunk broken open, and $1,500 in American and Spanish gold, a coral necklace, a breastpin, and some other articles taken therefrom. The total value of the loss is about $2,500.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—It is with sincere regret that we have to announce the death by drowning of Mr. C. S. Hall, of this city. Mr. H., with some youthful companions, went yesterday morning early to the canal for the purpose of bathing. Being unable to swim he was on a plank floating about, when by some accident he lost his hold and sunk. Before assistance could be rendered was drowned. Mr. H. was for some time a student of the Theological Seminary, after which he came to this city as a professor of music, and his talents soon acquired for him a wide and deservedly high reputation.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

Chloroform is being used in thefts with great adroitness and frequency. A Mrs. Fitzgerald was riding in one of the New York omnibusses on Tuesday, when another well dressed lady entered, and presently took out her handkerchief and passed it carelessly two or three times before Mrs. F.'s face, who observed a peculiar odor, but recollects nothing further until she woke up and found the other lady gone and her own pockets thoroughly stripped of everything valuable.

DIARRHŒA.—The following recipe for the diarrhœa was lately communicated by a correspondent of the Augusta Dispatch: "Take a handful of strawberry leaves and pour on them half a pint of boiling water; let it remain one hour and drink the tea. If you cannot get the boiling water, chew and swallow the juice. This is a most valuable and efficient remedy. It rarely fails to give immediate relief and performs a permanent cure."

Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion, while Curran was addressing him in a most important case occupied himself with a favorite spaniel seated near him. Curran ceased speaking, through indignation, when the Lord Chancellor asked,—

"Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?"

"I thought your Lordship was in consultation," replied Curran.

We learn that the managers of the Central New York Railway have decided that their trains shall cease to travel over the Niagara Suspension Bridge after the 1st of July, now past. This decision has been arrived at from prudential reasons. The extreme risk of accidents was considered unwarrantable. The Great Western will necessarily have to debark both passengers and freight.

CULTIVATING A RAILROAD.—The Auburn (N. Y.) American says that "miles and scores of miles within the fenced track of the Central Railroad are planted with potatoes by the employees of that great road." These "railroad farms" are attended to mostly by the wives of the employees.

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and exclude the burnt parts from the air. This simple remedy seems to us far preferable to collodion, or even cotton.

DEATH OF MRS. ZOLLICOFFER.—The community was shocked yesterday morning by the sudden announcement of the death of the wife of our representative in Congress, Gen. F. K. Zollicoffer. Her illness was very brief, and then the sad news of her death was the first intimation of it received by many of her most intimate friends.—*Nashville Banner.*

A KIND-HEARTED NEGRO.—"Pompey, are you willing to be damned if it should be the will of the Lord?" inquired a pious friend.

"Oh, yes, massa, and more too; I am willing you be damned too, massa," replied Pompey.

Nothing has ever been heard of the aeronaut who assended at Milan, Erie county, New York, last year, and was last seen passing towards Lake Erie.

A school teacher named A. L. Morrison, who was married at Tipton (Ind.) on the 7th instant, was arrested the same evening at Konomo on a charge of bigamy. He is said to have eight wives.

[WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN.]

Oh Why Did He Die?

BY K.

Oh why did he die? and the mother bent low
To kiss the pale brow of her child,
And she thought that she'd tasted life's bitterest woe,
As she poured forth those accents so wild;
The loved form was still, and the cold ashy lips
Returned not that mother's fond kiss—
Oh! God of the childless! she cried in her grief,
Hast thou balm for a sorrow like this?

Oh why did he die? were there no aching hearts,
Who, wearied of earth and its strife,
Would have welcomed the stroke that has borne him from hence,
And embittered for ever my life?
Then why did he die? And a frail being knelt
By the grave of her heart's chosen one;
And she murmured in sorrow and anguish of heart—
Would to God that life's journey was done.

Oh why did she die? Must the orphan go forth
Sad, friendless, unloved and unknown?
Has earth none to soothe the sad sorrowing heart?
But it mournfully answered—"alone."
One by one had her loved ones been laid in the grave,
Till severed was each earthly tie;
And she clung to that mother's inanimate form,
And murmured, why did she die?

Ah! why? If in wand'ring away from thy God,
Thy heart and thine eye hath grown dim;
The dark waves of grief may have swept o'er thy soul,
But to lead thee, sad mourner, to him.
Then search the lone depths of thy sorrowing heart,
And there, free from all earthly stain,
Let the love, long forgotten—the love of thy God
Supremely, eternally reign.

"O, I never drink enough to hurt me."

"O, yes, I drink every day of my life—but I *do not drink enough to hurt me*," said a man, a few days since, to another whom he had invited to take a drink with him, but who declined the honor, at the same time stating that he believed the practice injurious physically, mentally, and morally—

"I *know* it is," he went on to say, "and it is those who fancy they do not drink enough to hurt them, who are ruining themselves, and, by inducing others to do as they do, under the belief that *they*, too, can drink with impunity, are ruining thousands, who, but for their example and influence, would be sober, industrious, and useful members of society."

"Well, I have drank liquor every day for many years, and it has not hurt me yet. I feel as well to-day as I ever felt in my life."

"Would you feel as well, if you, to-day, were to abstain from drinking?"

"I do not know. I have never tried the experiment."

"Suppose you try it to-day."

"Why should I?"

"Simply to convince yourself that you would *not* feel as well. To convince yourself that you cannot do without your accustomed stimulus, and to prove to you that when the time comes when you *must* do without it—when disease invades your system, and sickness prostrates you and lays you helpless upon your bed, that *then*, deprived of this stimulus, you will *die*—that's all."

"You say I cannot do without it—why, then, should I try? What benefit will it be to me, save to know that I must continue to drink!"

"This much. It will convince you that if you would *live a year or two longer*, you must begin immediately to reform—while you are in *apparent* health. You MAY recover—it is possible—but if you go on drinking, the first sickness that overtakes you—*you will die!*"

"Then you think, by beginning *now*, I might do without liquor!"

"It is your only chance."

"Bless your heart, *I never drink enough to hurt me.* I don't, indeed. If I thought so, I would quit the practice at once."

"So thought and said young McCormick. He did not drink enough to hurt him—he thought so, perhaps, but he was mistaken, as you *may* be. He died suddenly—fearfully—and his sudden and terrible death was caused by—whiskey—*yet he did not drink enough to hurt him.* I tell you that THIRTY THOUSAND people die, yearly, in this country, because they imagine they do not drink enough to hurt them. They do not find out that drinking hurts them until they are about to die—many do not find it out until they stand face to face with the Judge of quick and dead. Thousands die by their own hands, during the horrors of *delirium tremens.* Thousands are brought to their graves by the most simple forms of disease, which a sober man might have laughed at and defied—but which prove fatal to the man who never drinks enough to hurt him—why? because his system is shattered and weakened and palsied by the unnatural stimulus which he loves, and he has not sufficient strength to rally from the attack."

"I expect to die some of these days—but I am in no hurry about it. If I thought I was hastening the event by drinking, I would stop right away."

"I do not believe you can stop!"

"Tut, tut, I am not so far gone as that comes to. I tell you I can stop, and I *will* stop."

"When?"

"Immediately—this instant—there——I have stopped."

"If you stick to your resolution, you may yet know what true happiness is; you may yet be a happy and a useful man. It is your only chance. You will have a hard struggle—it will be a struggle for life. Should you yield to temptation and to appetite and go back to your cups—*it were better for you that you had never been born—you will die the drunkard's death, and receive the drunkard's doom.*"

"I am not a drunkard, exactly, my friend."

"You are worse than a drunkard!"

"*I* worse than a drunkard—how so?"

"I will tell you. No body will imitate the *drunkard!* No man wishes to become a drunkard! Every body despises the drunkard! The drunkard's example is beneficial, rather than injurious to society! It is not so with the man who never drinks enough to hurt him. He encourages and incites others to imitate him both by example and precept—"

"By example, not precept."

"By both. Did you not *invite* me to drink with you! Well, sir, thus incipient and so called temperate drinkers are made, from whom have come all the drunkards now living, or that have lived and died since the process by which alcohol is made, was discovered. Were there no temperate drinkers there would be no drunkards—ergo, *you*, who never drink enough to hurt you, yet are always drinking, are *worse than a drunkard!*"

"Are not you a member of some Order of Temperance?"

"I am proud to say, *I am a Rechabite!*"

"Would to God *I* was a good Rechabite!"

"There is nothing easier than to become a Rechabite."

"How shall I become a firm and consistent Rechabite? Tell me, and I will make the effort, though I die!"

"To join the Order is a simple and beautiful process. To remain faithful to the pledge is often difficult and with some, impossible. There is one way, however, which never fails!"

"What is that way?"

"Depend not upon your own strength!"

"On whom should I depend?"

"On GOD, who is your Father—in Heaven!"

A CHAPTER ON SHOES.

BY G. C. H.

Coverings for the feet of some character have been in use since the earliest ages, descriptions of them having been traced nearly fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. The first of these coverings for the feet, of which we have any knowledge, was in the form of sandals.

These, at first, were rude beyond description; made of undressed skins, bark and other materials most easily applied to that purpose.

These articles differed materially in style, though the form varied but slightly. Those worn by the poorer classes were constructed of flat slices of the palm leaf which lapped over in the centre, formed the sole, and a double band of twisted leaves secured and strengthened the edge; a thong of strong fibres of the same plant was fixed to the instep, and was secured around the foot, while those indulged in by the more wealthy classes were made of leather, and were frequently lined with cloth, the point or end turning up like a pair of modern skates. The sandal reached a great state of perfection among the Romans, and it was through the gallantry of the Emperor, Aurelian, that the ladies were allowed the exclusive privilege of having them manufactured of red, yellow, white and green colors, the men being expressly debarred from this liberty. Gold or precious stones, however, were not allowed even to the ladies.

The Roman Senators wore buskins of a black color, with a cresent of gold or silver on the top of the foot, and the Roman soldiers wore simple sandals fastened by thongs.

The transition from the sandal to the shoe, was of course very gradual, and correspondingly difficult to trace at this day. It is easy to see that the shoe is but the sandal in an improved state, and, indeed, some of our modern shoes approach very nearly to our ideas of the old sandal.

The forms of shoes at various times have been of the most ridiculous kind, and if not well authenticated could not be believed by us at the present day.

The boot is said to have been the invention of the Carians. It was first made of leather and afterwards of brass and iron, and was proof against both cuts and thrusts. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks "brazen footed."

In the reign of Edward the Third of England, the "gentle craft," as the trade of shoe making was then poetically called, produced boots and shoes of the most gorgeous and brilliant descriptions.

The greatest variety of patterns, and the richest contrasts of colors were aimed at by the makers of shoes. For beauty of pattern and splendor of effect the English shoe of the middle ages is beyond all Greek and Roman fame, for their sandals and shoes have not half the grandness contained in the shoes of this period.

About this time it was customary for one shoe to be black and the stocking blue, the other leg of the same figure, being clothed in a black stocking and a white shoe.

The shoe was cut very low over the instep, the heel being entirely covered and a band fastened by a simple buckle or button passing round the ancle, secured it to the foot.

The boots and shoes worn during the fourteenth century were of a peculiar form, and the toes, which were lengthened to a point, turned inward or outward, according to the taste of the wearer.

In the reign of Richard II, they become immensely long, so that it is asserted they were chained to the knee of the wearer, in order to allow him to walk about with ease and freedom.—It was, of course, only the nobility who could thus inconvenience themselves, and it might have been adopted by them as a distinction; still very pointed toes were worn by all who could afford to be fashionable.

From this extreme of length, fashion introduced, during the reign of Edward IV, another equally absurd. The king enacted that any shoemaker who made for unprivileged persons (the nobility being excepted) any shoes, the toes of which exceeded two inches in length, should forfeit twenty shillings.

This had the effect of widening the toes; and they became as laughably broad, as they had formerly been ridiculously long. To counteract this, Mary, in her reign, proclaimed that the width of the toe should not exceed six inches.

Another absurd fashion prevailed about this period, being shoes made with pikes in the bottom, so as to elevate the wearer above the ground.—This fashion, however, could not have remained very popular with the nobility, for we find that, during the reign of Edward III and IV, and Henry VIII, severe penalties were denounced against "piked shoes, short doublets and long coats."

In the year 1588 the fashionables wore corked shoes, puisnets, pantoffles and slippers, some of them of black velvet, some of white, some of green, and some of yellow; some of Spanish leather, and some of English, stiched with silk, and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot with gewgaws innumerable. Rich and expensive shoe ties were now brought into use, and large sums of money were lavished upon their decorations.

A poet alluded to the extravagance of those who

"Wear a farm in shoe strings edged with gold
And spangled garters worth a copy hold."

The rose shoes were made of lace which was as beautiful, costly and elaborate.

During the reign of Charles I, the boots became very large and wide at the top.

It will be borne in mind that the tops were outside of the pants, and so wide were they at times as to oblidge the wearer to straide much in walking, a habit that was much ridiculed by the satirists of the day.

There was a print published representing a dandy in the height of fashion, whose legs are enclosed in boot-hose tops tied about the middle of the calf, as long as a pair of shirt sleeves, double at the end like a ruff-band: the top of his boots very large fringed with lace, and turned down as low as his spurs, which jingled as he walked.

The top boots were capable of being turned over beneath the knee, which they completely covered when up. They were of course made of pliant leather—Spanish leather—according to Ben Jonson.

During the time of Commonwealth large boot tops of this kind were worn even by the puritans; they were however large only, and not decorated.

The shoes worn were generally particularly simple in their construction and form, and those who did not wish to be classed among the vain and frivolous, took care to have their toes sharp at the point, as a distinction between themselves and the graceless gallants who generally wore theirs broad.

With the restoration of Charles II, came the large French boot, in which the courtiers of *Louis Le Grand*, always delighted to exhibit their legs.

The tops were low and very wide, with high heel and broad toe.

The distinguishing marks of gentility in the reigns of the 1st and 2d Georges, were red heels.

The ladies preferred silk or velvet to leather, and the favorite shoe with ladies of nobility being made of figured blue silk, with bright red heels and silver buckles.

Shoe buckles almost entirely disappeared about the commencement of the present century, notwithstanding the interference of the Prince of Wales, who would have aided the unfortunate buckle makers in preserving this custom, but fashion in this as in similar cases eventually triumphed, and shoestrings again came into use.

In the sixteenth century the Turkish ladies wore a very high shoe known in Europe by the name of a chopine. This fashion spread in Europe during the seventeenth century, and it is alluded to by Hamlet, in act II, scene 2, when he exclaims "Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw, you last, by the altitude of a chopine."

By which it appears that something of the kind was known in England, where it may have been introduced from Venice, as the ladies there wore them of the most enormous height.

It was made something after the stool order, with a wooden bottom and four legs, and some of them worn in Venice, is said by Coryat to have been half a yard high.

Of the modern European nations with whom we have been most in contact, it is scarcely necessary to say anything farther of their boots and shoes.

There are however one or two species of shoes which we have not mentioned, and which are in use at the present day, and but little known to many persons in this country.

The sabots of the French peasantry are made entirely of wood, very clumsy and not made with reference to size or fit. A small wooden shoe is made in Normandy, much like that which came about in 1790, with an imitation of its fringes and pointed toe, and which is generally painted black; the ordinary sabot being totally unadorned, and the color of the wood.

The lower class of Irish wear what is usually called a brogan, made of heavy kip and sewed in a very strong manner and then the bottom filled with large nails. A pair of these is calculated to wear twelve months. Of course these are not worn where any pavements are, for they are as destructive to side walks as they are death to all small animals.

Herman Melville, speaking of the crowds of Irish in Liverpool wending their way to the vessel on the passage to this country says, it is a fortunate thing for the Corporation that they always take the middle of the street.

We have given only a cursory view of the different fashions which have prevailed in Europe at different times in the manufacture of shoes; and in a future chapter we propose to consider those of our own country with the peculiarities incident to its various sections and other matters of interest connected with it.

We conclude by observing, that, France in this, as in other matters of taste and fashion, sets the mode for the rest of the civilized world.

Always Finding Fault.

There are certain people who cannot live without finding fault. No matter what subject or person comes up in the course of conversation, they start some frivolous objection or make some censorious remark. Instead of trying to be in charity with their neighbors, they take malicious pleasure in speaking evil about them. They obstinately shut their eyes to good qualities, while they employ microscopes to discover and magnify evil ones; and afterwards they torture language to exaggerate what they have seen, so as to depreciate as much as possible. They do not, however, speak out boldly; but they deal in induendoes, in hints, and in ominous shakes of the head. Instead of frankly assailing in front, they assassinate behind the back. Practically, they persuade others that all men are so evil that there is not even a chance of reform. Even in acts incontestably good they pretend to find latent selfishness. They spend their lives in defiling human nature, like the foul Yahoos whom the satirist has depicted. To believe them there are none virtuous but themselves; all the rest of mankind being knaves, brutes, or devils.

The proverbial fault-finder little thinks that in censuring so maliciously and indiscriminately he is only painting his own portrait. It is a secret consciousness of his demerits, a gnawing rage at the superiority of others, which is the real cause of his want of charity, the principal inducement to his abuse. His own heart is the mirror from which he describes mankind. The best men have been those invariably who spoke the most kindly of their race. The great type of all manhood, whose perfect humanity is the admiration even of Pagans and Atheists, ever spoke in benignant terms, having charity even for "publicans and sinners." It is to his precepts that we owe the great doctrine of human brotherhood. In the ideal of the fallen Lucifer we have, on the contrary, the incarnation of malice, hate, slander, ill-will, and all evil speaking. As the one is said to have come to bring "peace and good-will to men," so the other first defiled the fair creation with strife and sowed "war among the hosts of Heaven." We never hear a professed fault-finder but our thoughts recur to his type. We never listen to the beneficent language of one who is in charity with his race without feeling that he is advancing more and more to "the perfect man."—*Public Ledger.*

GRAVE CONSOLATION.—A passenger on board a ship bound for California, who had been sea-sick all the way out to the line, one day went to the doctor in a sad, supplicating tone, and accosted him with—

"Doctor can you tell me what I shall be good for when I get to San Francisco, if I keep on in this way?"

"Tell you, to be sure I can. You're just the man to begin a graveyard with."

"Are those pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-fancier, with whom he was negotiating for a pair.

"Yes, sir," said the dealer, confidentially; "I raised them 'ere birds from pure canary seed!"

This was deemed sufficient proof of their purity, nothing could be more legitimate, and the purchase was made. They turned out to be colored sparrows! 'Twas a fair business transaction a la Sam Slick. Well, it was.

Judge Lynch is making sad havoc among counterfeiters and horse thieves in Wisconsin.

Justice.

We respectfully call the attention of Americans all over the country to the desperate position of their brethren in the Metropolis of the nation.

The following from the Baltimore Clipper, will show Americans abroad, what kind of justice is administered to Americans in Washington:

JUG HANDLE JUSTICE.—To give you an idea of the kind of justice Americans get in our Criminal Court, and the distinction drawn between them and foreigners; and to show you that our Judge carries out in practice what he preaches in regard to foreigners being more entitled to vote than natives, it will only be necessary to give you some of the cases as they have actually occurred.

The first that attracts our attention is that of an Irishman who beat an American woman in a most outrageous manner. He submitted his case, and was fined one dollar—mark you, one dollar for the privilege of beating an American woman. Cheap enough.

The next, on the same day, was that of a small difficulty between two gentlemen, (Americans) which was taken to court by officious intermeddlers. The defendant submitted his case likewise, and was fined $5 and costs—dear enough.

The next was the cases of Webster, Stoddard, and Williams. Before I give you the details I will here remark that those men are respectable, and the two first named as upright and orderly citizens as any we have in this community. They are all men of large familes, who are entirely dependent upon them for support. I will also remark, that it was in sentencing of those men that (for the first time in the history of this country) a judge gave utterance to the declaration of a foreigner being more entitled to vote than an American born citizen.

But to resume, it was proven on the trial, that they did not strike a single blow, that under the excitement of hearing of the Marines being at the first precinct of the Fourth Ward polls, they made the remark that not another foreigner should vote in the Seventh Ward that day. Now, mark you, they struck no blow, as there was no disturbance in said ward, and all foreigners were allowed to vote throughout the day. For this (heinous crime in the eyes of the powers that be,) of simply giving expression to a few idle words, in a moment of excitement, those men must be torn from their families and incarcerated in our common jail for twelve months, and fined twenty-five dollars and costs—amounting in the aggregate to over one hundred dollars for each party—dear enough, God knows, for no crime.

The next case is that of Richard Jones. This man is an American; was indicted for cutting the throat of Rose Bell. It was proven on the trial by six of our most respectable citizens, that this man is subject to attacks of insanity; that he was insane at the time. No person who heard the evidence can have a doubt. The girl swore that five minutes before he committed the outrage he was as affectionate and kind to her as he ever was in his life, and that she sincerely believed, that he committed the act under a fit of insanity.—His counsel, Daniel Ratcliffe, Esq., confidentally predicted his acquittal; notwithstanding he was convicted and sentenced to four years confinement in the penitentiary.

The next case in strong contrast to the above, is that of John M. Minor. This man is a Democrat, and clerk under government. He was indicted for assault and battery with intent to kill Eli Lake. It was proven on the trial that those two men were at a tavern at the intersection of the Bladensburg road and Boundary street; that having some misunderstanding, Minor went into the house to get, as the bar-keeper of the house supposed, his pistol, when he, the bar-keeper, advised Lake to run or Minor would shoot him. He accordingly ran off, but was pursued on horseback, overtaken by Minor, who dismounted, knocked Lake down with a stone, and proceeded to beat him on the head.

While beating him Lake managed to get on his knees, and while in this position prayed to Minor, for God's sake not to kill him. Still Minor persisted, and would undoubtedly have murdered him if it had not been for the interference of Mr. Burdine. As it was, the man was so severely beaten that for six weeks he was attended by three physicians, and his life despaired of. He has also lost his hair from erysipalis, engendered by the severe beating he got. For this offence Minor was fined $20, and sent for one month to the county jail—dirt cheap.

As this letter is long enough, I will continue my review hereafter. FAIR PLAY.

POLICEMAN MURDERED BY A BURGLAR.—At New York, on Tuesday morning about 4 o'clock, Mr. Nelson Sammis, on going to his store, corner of Centre and Grand streets, met a burglar coming out, and gave him chase, crying "stop thief." Policeman Eugene Anderson, hearing the alarm, pursued the burglar, who by this time had been intercepted by Mr. Sammis, and had a pistol raised to shoot him. The officer instantly collared the thief and made a blow with his club to knock the pistol out of his hand. The burglar however, managed to discharge the weapon, and shot the officer dead upon the spot. At this time other police and citizens were coming up, and officer Webb pursued the burglar until arrest was successfully made. The prisoner is an Italian, about forty years of age, and gives the name of Frank Pellisser. His apartments on being searched were found to contain several complete sets of burglar's tools, and a large amount of stolen property, including jewelry, diamonds, dry goods, and boots and shoes.

COOL WATER.—The following simple method, it is said, will keep water as cold as ice:

"Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical climes, where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic and laborer have in his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain fresh water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.—*Albany Journal.*

THE COUNTESS AND THE BEGGAR.—The late Countess of Kenmure, who was a very devout Catholic, passing one day from her devotions at chapel through a lane of beggars, her ladyship's notice was particularly attracted by one apparently more wretched than all the rest, and she asked him,—

"Pray, my good man, what is the matter with you?"

The fellow, who well knew her simplicity and benevolence, answered.—

"Oh, my lady, I'm dafe and dumb!"

"Poor man!" said the innocent lady, "how long have you been so?"

"Ever since I had the fever, last Christmas."

The old Countess presented him with a half-crown, and went away piously commiserating his misfortunes.

VERY BAD.—"What may be the cause," said an Irish curate to his parish clerk, "that keeps Rory O'Kegan from confession, an' from the church service, Peter Murphy?"

"A sad matter it is, yer rivrence—it's himself that's got into a very bad way, any how."

"Och, Peter Murphy," said the curate, "is it deism?"

"Worse, ye may depend," replied the worthy clerk.

"Sowle o' me, I trust it's not Atheism, or the like o' that, Peter," exclaimed the curate.

"Worse."

"An' what, in the name o' natur can it be?" cried the astonished minister.

"By the powers," said Peter, "an it's the rheumatiz, yer rivrence."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know" replied the other, "but, to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belong to the class generally called in-sects."